

# THE NAKED REOT



Rethinking sexuality & gender &  
Reclaiming our sexual autonomy

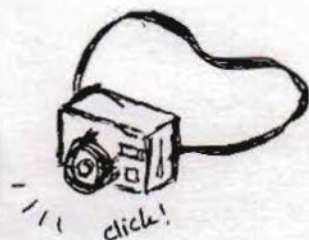






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sexual autonomy, n., the practice of taking control of our bodies, sexual expression, and physical fulfillment. This means discovering exactly what you need sexually, and learning how to actualize yourself or communicate it to others. This includes but is not limited to: sexual orientation, the unique things that turn you on (see page 10), self-love, doing what you want and only what you want in the qualities and quantities that you desire. It's not necessarily about having sex but about knowing how to make yourself feel good and doing what's right for you.

positive intimacy, n., the practice of giving safe, nonsexual, selfless affection and words of affirmation. in order to combat the social institution of self-loathing, the lack of security, isolation, and the oversexualization of physical touch.





we demand that... you be bodypositive!!!!!!!!!!!!

..... love ,my body smells

..... embrace bodily functions

..... everybody poops.

..... accept that my scars are part of me

... love my body hair

..... love my stretch marks

..... live outside the fucking gender binary

..... respect the fact that my self-image might not coincide with my physical appearance (think about it)

.... appreciate what i find beautiful about myself

..... stop telling me my period is gross

and feeling free in your body

..... be okay with taking up the space that your body takes up

..... self-love is sexy

.... stop telling me to be small



we demand that... you be sex~~negative~~<sup>positive</sup>!!!!!!!

[positive]

... promiscuity need not be unhealthy -- we can make safe, responsible, healthy choices while sleeping with several partners.

.... that just because i don't want to have sex with you right now does not mean i am not attracted to you.

..... that kink is not viewed as perverted.

..... porn can be positive!

..... safe sex is respect for your partner's body and your own.

..... realize that sex workers need to be respected.

..... consent is fucking sexy.

.... that you understand that just because i masturbate does not mean that you are not fulfilling me.

.... just because

i'm confident

in my body

doesn't mean that i'm

narcissistic.

..... respect and try

to understand my sexual history and

how it affects me today



our bodies are beautiful



Everyone knows that...

our bodies are



EVERYWHERE

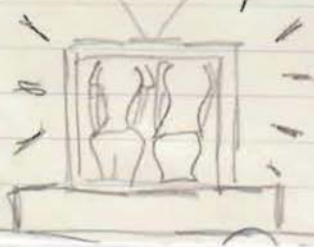
on billboards



on magazine covers...



on ju...



but where are our



FACES?



we are taught to HIDE



that which is not feminine

to pluck our eyebrows,



shave our legs

to make sure no-



one sees our TAMPONS

God forbid they  
find out



about our monthly  
blood...

We even hide the  
WORD "blood," &  
replace it with



We know who we are



but we  
also know  
who the  
world  
wants  
us  
to be...



AND IT'S

NOT

THE SAME

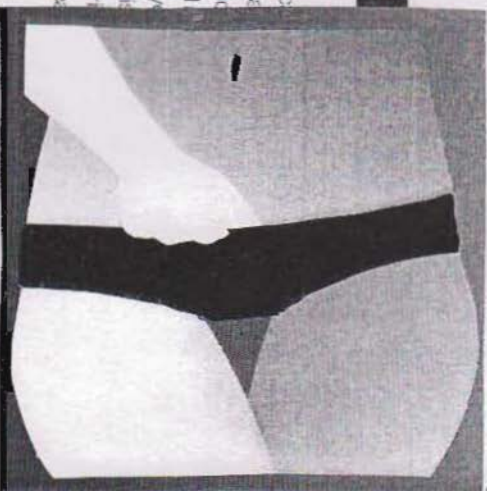




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## Post-Gender confessions of a post-binary transsexual

People generally go one of two ways when they meet me: "sir" or "miss." I'm not going to say that I would prefer some kind of alternate form of address, because I haven't quite figured out what such a term would look like, or sound like, or even really mean at this point. The fact of the matter is, the language that we have to describe ourselves in our gendered society simply does not match up to the guy I see in the mirror when I wake up in the morning.

I was born into a female body, and as you can probably imagine, it is hard not to be miss-ed. I guess if you have to make me choose, I'd rather be sir-ed. I'm more of a sir anyway in my classic button-up shirts and wool sweaters, worn-out wingtips and swagger. The thing people don't seem to get - the thing I wish people would get - is that in spite of the physical things - our biological sex - that we're all born with, gender is another matter entirely.

It's a mystery to me, but there are plenty of people out there who haven't given a second thought to the gender they were assigned at birth. They got wrapped in that blue or pink blanket at the hospital



and their mommies and daddies got them action figures and dolls, respectively. They're the people we talk about when we talk about gender gaps in education and salaries and athleticism and creativity and sex drive and personality and...well, whatever. But what about people who fall through the gaps? Like me for example?

To be quite honest I grew up like a pretty normal...boy. I got my action figures when I asked for them, I was encouraged to go into science and engineering, and the issue of any kind of gender gap was largely downplayed in my family. I wanted to be a Catholic priest when I was 4 years old, though, and my grandmother was mystified - "Girls can't be priests," she told me. I didn't exactly see what the problem was.

I can't say I really blame most people for not thinking over their gender situation. If my body had lined up with my mind, puberty would have been...well, not easy, but certainly not the extended crisis that it was. So what happens when you have this mental image of yourself as your father's oldest son, the brightest boy on the girl's soccer team, and you start growing tits? Yeah, good question.



It took a while to get to where I am. I'm pretty comfortable being largely androgynous - the awkward situations that I find myself in constantly tend to be more amusing than anything else at this point. Professors are still sometimes surprised to see me in the men's room on the second floor of Angell Hall, but I guess they figure it out eventually. Sometimes they ask. I'm more than happy to oblige. At this point I just want to spread the word.

Being post-gender is being more than just a man or just a woman. I used to think that you had to be one or the other. Fact of the matter is, it's more complex than that. And post-gender is what happens when you've synthesized the two social concepts together to make...well, they make me. They also make some friends of mine who have had similar revelations. They make, by a large, many people who identify as transgender, whether they name it post-gender or not. They make people who feel unrestrained by gender boundaries in the way they live their lives and the people to whom they are attracted. They're sirs and misses and none of the above. It's not an easy path to walk, of course, and I've even been pushed away by feminists and other transgender people as well as people who consider themselves much more "conservative" than that.



The fact of the matter is, I think post-gender is the future of feminism. After all is said and done, how can one social group be dominant if there is no social division? I am convinced that, without the boundaries that we are familiar with, those gender gaps we read so much about in the news media would be no more.

I'm not saying that synthesizing man and woman is going to be anything like an easy task. Socialized characteristics like gender are awfully hard to un-socialize. This isn't something I expect to encounter in my lifetime: I'm talking about a large-scale social paradigm shift that is going to take time and dedication. The first step, though, is easy enough: examine your assumptions. That short, androgynous guy you see every day walking down the street? Ze might not be the guy you thought he was after all.



A black and white line drawing illustration of a man and five women. The man, in the bottom left, is wearing a suit and tie, looking up and to the right with his hand near his chin. Five women are positioned around him: one at the top left with her hand to her face, one at the top center looking down, one at the top right looking down, one on the middle left looking down, and one on the middle right looking down. At the bottom right, a woman is lying down with her head tilted back. The background is a textured grey.

# **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS**



# I

## *Understanding the Modern Girl*

*"But Love is such a mystery,  
I cannot find it out;  
For when I think I'm best resolved  
I then am most in doubt."*

—JOHN SUCKLING

**H**OW many times have you heard it said that woman was irrational, capricious, utterly unpredictable, that mere man could never hope to understand her! This myth concerning the mysterious nature of the female has long been fostered by certain novelists for reasons best known to themselves. If there were a vestige of truth in it, how did such professed lady-killers as Cassanova or Don Juan succeed time and again? Or to bring the question closer to home, how did grandfather ever get to first base with his best beloved?

Let it be established at the very outset that there is nothing enigmatic about female behavior. Any man interested enough to take the trouble can understand, since the royal route to knowledge is simple observation and experience. In this day of psychology and the scientific approach, the intelligent male can adopt no other attitude.

Observe even casually and what do you find under the most captivating head of curls? A creature with a good many traits akin to the male — capable of intelligence or anger, responsive to flattery, and scared to death of remaining unnoticed. No alien qualities these — you can recognize them in yourself. Although his assertion of masculine superiority is a little too strong for these days, Ben Jonson "had something" when he wrote:

*Say, are not women truly, then  
Styled but the shadows of us men?*



The modern girl has, of course, outstripped grandmother in her performance. Progressively she has invaded one sphere after another of man's sacred domains — the factory, the office, the professions, even the shipyard. There is hardly a job she has not tackled — and then only because she has been forcibly excluded or lacked the necessary muscle power. Even these limitations you must not accept too readily or you may be due for a surprise!

Having abandoned the fireside, she has learned considerably more of the world than grandmother who waited for the beaux to come a-courting. Now that she earns her own money, she understands its value and can save or spend it at her leisure. (She can also do well enough with your money if you don't watch out.)

There is no doubt that she has a mind and is capable of using it like a man. She can see straight, think straight, act straight. She knows all about people, science, politics, sex — perhaps even better than you. You cannot sweep her over with a few boastful remarks — more likely you will incur her laughter.

Do you find these changes make her less desirable as a girl? Would you prefer the simple, old-fashioned variety? You may as well mourn the snows of yesteryear. The day of the blushing maid and the clinging vine is gone forever — the species is obsolete. Accept the situation — or go stag!

Yes, the game has become more complicated but at the same time infinitely more fascinating. Since the pleasure is in the chase, the eager, wide-awake male should have no regrets.

But to return to our analysis of the modern girl, you may well object that thus far we have not touched on her feminine qualities, those wiles so captivating and distressing to the male. Be patient. It is the next point on the agenda.

For all her new independence, the modern girl has not abandoned her desire for husband, home and children. She may or may not intend to mix them with a career, but nonetheless she wants them. You can take it for an unconditional, indisputable truth — no girl wishes to become an old maid. There may be some glamor in the bachelor life among a certain section of misguided males, but for a girl, spinsterhood is absolutely tabu.



[post]modern girl?



CELEBRATE  
PERIODS



And I wonder why I'm expected to accept a status quo...



genderfucking.

so dudebro asks us WHAT WE ARE

boy, girl, dyke, fag

eyes narrowing to a V

aroused by o ur mystery

dick threatening to stand straight up

and walk right out of his pants

we crack up hard, double over

~~know~~ because he has no. idea.

how good it feels

to dream beyond these pink and blue walls

run small hands over wide hips

smear lipstick on wet lips

hands hovering near perked tits

hidden in a baggy t-shirt

the warmth of hairy armpits

unrestrained human musk

leg hairs dressed in heels

stuffed bras, bound tits

hair just long

enough to be pulled

bellies rolling

over waistbands

happy trails that

want to be followed

whatever we want

we got it

we do it

genderfuck all night

sipping on

wild beauty

slipping on

fluidity

we're beautiful

genderfuck me harder

call me what you want

i'd rather be genderfuk<sup>c</sup>ocking

than be fucked by gender



THE MICHIGAN PENAL CODE (EXCERPT)  
Act 328 of 1931

**750.337 Women and children; improper language in presence.**

Sec. 337. Indecent, etc., language in presence of women or children—Any person who shall use any indecent, immoral, obscene, vulgar or insulting language in the presence or hearing of any woman or child shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

**History:** 1931, Act 328, Eff. Sept. 18, 1931;—CL 1948, 750.337.

**Former law:** See section 1 of Act 219 of 1897, being CL 1897, § 11737; CL 1915, § 15533; and CL 1929, § 16888.



My Cunt  
Does not  
Make me  
Fragile +  
Pure



dear queer family, let's talk.

let's talk about queer women objectifying women.

the degree to which you just love eating pussy & the amount of pussy you've eaten should not define how 'queer' you are. is queerness really just about the pussy? i'm tired of this reductionism. is it any better than hetero dudes talking about pounding ten pussies a week? when straight women lust after men, they don't need to talk about how badly they want to suck cock. why are heterosexuals permitted this variety of lust & romance that we restrict ourselves from? let's not bring misogyny into our community. sexism isn't sexy.

let's talk about sexual elitism among queer women. let's talk about pressuring women into fucking to prove their queerness.

i have a hard time believing that making out is not an adequate form of sexual expression. that wanting to play the gayest romance song ever written on the guitar for a fucking beautiful girl isn't totally, positively, GAY. because of the many  
FUCKED UP THINGS DONE TO MY BODY  
WITHOUT PERMISSION,

Sometimes i just want to makeout.

Sometimes i want to take it slow, sometimes i just want to massage your feet & read you erotic poetry & bite you. Sometimes sex doesn't feel safe.

does it make me less queer if i don't spread my legs for every woman in town?

why must i prove my queerness in the first place?

the measure to which i want to fuck [or don't want to fuck] isn't a measure of how queer i am or how much i like you. don't call me a prude, don't call me straight. Respect that my sexual history



is a tumultuous one, and i am healing.

sexual pressure is repressive, no matter who's doing the pressing.

let's talk about exclusion & separatism.

yes, i also like men. the fear of bisexual women  
up & leaving you for cock is no reason ~~for~~<sup>for</sup> ~~exclude~~<sup>exclude</sup>  
exclusion & disrespect.

let's acknowledge each other as beautiful, complex beings who have unique relationships to sex, sexuality, & our bodies.

we have the right to take control <sup>of</sup> our bodies,  
even if it means taking <sup>it</sup> slow.

even if it means not fucking at all.





I'm a Hot Tranny Mess?  
watching people watch proj run

I've been wondering where this catchphrase came from, and I was just informed tonight that it comes from Christian, who won this season of Project Runway. The problem for me is not that it's being co-opted by the mainstream, although that shit does bother me, a bit.

What really gets my goat is that people think it's okay that he says that because he's gay. I know people say stuff like, "it's okay for gay people to use the word 'fag' because it's empowering, it's like they're reclaiming it," or likewise for other slurs for minority groups. But look, the gay community, whether or not it's lumped together with the trans community in LGBT, is not the same! The identities are completely different. It's kind of funny and cute when I call myself a tranny among my friends (I have tranny magic, you know) but it irks me that Christian can get away with using what I still consider a slur on primetime television just because he's part of the acronym that trans folk are inaccurately included in.

It's a problem because even within the so-called LGBT "community" there is prejudice against transfolk. We don't need the people who could be



our best allies saying potentially damaging things about us. We don't need to see discrimination within a community of the oppressed. It's also a problem because it perpetuates the stereotype of transfolk as drag queens, which is how the vast majority of Americans probably see us.

Great, just what I need: stereotypes being perpetuated about one of my social identities that makes me the most vulnerable. Now that the thing's being adopted by the mainstream, it's like the whole "gay is not a synonym for stupid" thing all over again. I thought we weren't even done with that battle! I've heard the argument that he was talking about transvestites, not transsexuals, but I don't think it's a valid defense. The umbrella term for all these folks is transgender, and I think "tranny" is pejorative shorthand for any of these identities. I've also heard the argument that the mainstreaming of the phrase isn't going to hurt anyone. Like shit it won't — it's not like we need any help being singled out, targeted, and ostracized without "hot tranny mess" being slung around. It makes it acceptable to reject gender non-conforming people.

I don't know about this shit. I might be too uptight about it, I don't know, but in all honesty, it's hard not to be uptight when you have experienced



physical danger as a result of your social identities and people who have the power to be allies and speak out are instead potentially — and indeed probably — worsening the situation with their actions. It's not an easy world to live in for anyone by any means, so shouldn't we be helping rather than hurting one another? What visibility is bad visibility? Can't we start being more aware that what gets said on television gets indelibly imprinted into the consciousness of viewers?

I really doubt anyone really cares that much about transfolk, but that's why people in the mainstream media have such an important role to play. They have the capacity to make people care and enlighten them to new ideas. I'm not expecting Proj Run to be some kind of gender identity and expression education hour, but at least show a little respect. After all, Margaret Price rightly notes in bitch mag's blog that during the run of the season, we saw three murders of gender non-conforming folk in the United States. Hot tranny mess indeed.



Communicating your desires is sexy.

Hey! What  
turns you on?

Turn the  
page and  
find out!



We want to tell you what turns us on.



You make me want to ~~masturbate~~!  
masturbate



watching  
someone  
else  
be  
torned  
on  
(possibly  
for you)  
✓✓✓

anticipation ✓✓✓  
beaches ✓✓✓  
water ✓✓✓  
sex toys ✓✓✓  
kissing ✓✓✓  
bradpitt ✓✓✓  
ties on women ✓✓✓  
frozen fruit  
camping ✓✓✓  
blindfolds ✓✓✓  
ass love ✓✓✓

mutual masturbation ✓✓  
incest ✓✓

older women ✓✓  
jewish women ✓✓✓

women ✓✓  
being forced to be

dancing / sweat ✓✓  
quiet ✓✓

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cultural ✓✓



motorcycles ✓  
donkeys (riding) ✓  
climbing ropes ✓

Watching myself in the mirror ✓  
feminist poem ✓  
good old fashioned hand ✓  
lesbian erotica ✓  
talking dirty ✓  
HIP BONES ✓  
biting... hard ✓  
pulling hair ✓  
moaning ✓  
being tied up ✓  
being forced to beg ✓  
being ✓  
wed ✓  
red lipstick on not-so-femme women ✓  
bossing me around ✓  
Aprons ✓  
gender fucking ✓  
bees when girls are lying down ✓  
the sky!

pink

tattoos ✓  
body hair (women's) ✓  
raspy voices ✓  
girls who get me in trouble ✓  
riot girl ✓

be color orange

eye-fucking ✓  
guitars ✓  
cell phones in the crotch ✓  
vegetarians ✓  
GROULS ✓  
hippie pinching... hard ✓  
"use your whole mouth" → eating ✓

laughing/giggling ✓  
restriction & freedom ✓  
waking up to fuck ✓  
feeling around in public/around other people who don't know ✓  
breathing/breaths → changes in ✓  
whispers ✓  
Milky way galaxy ✓







Loves

Hippies

dirty feet ✓

accidental touching ✓

lip biting ✓✓✓

tripping (someone) ✓

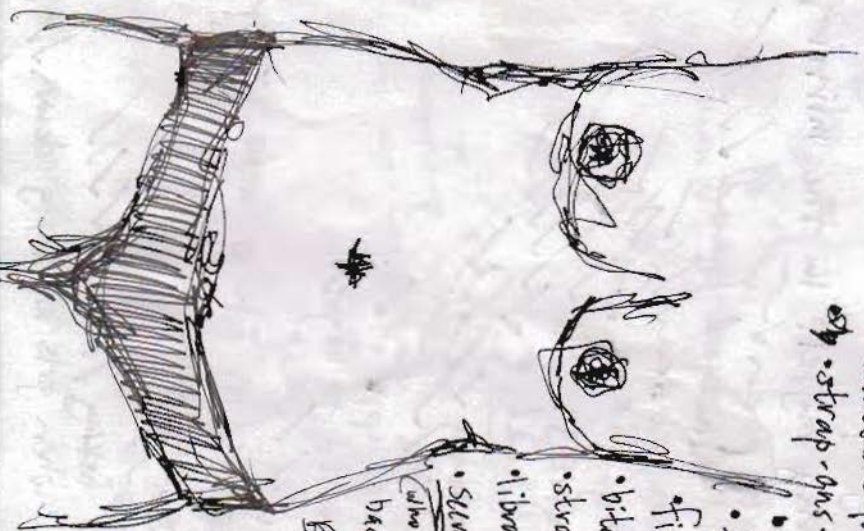
nighties

camel backs

kindness ✓



dis



• fresh fruit  
(esp. watermelon) ✓

• stripping ✓

• intellectual foreplay ✓

• strap-ons ✓

• submission ✓

• thighs ✓

• fishnets ✓

• bitches

• strong women ✓

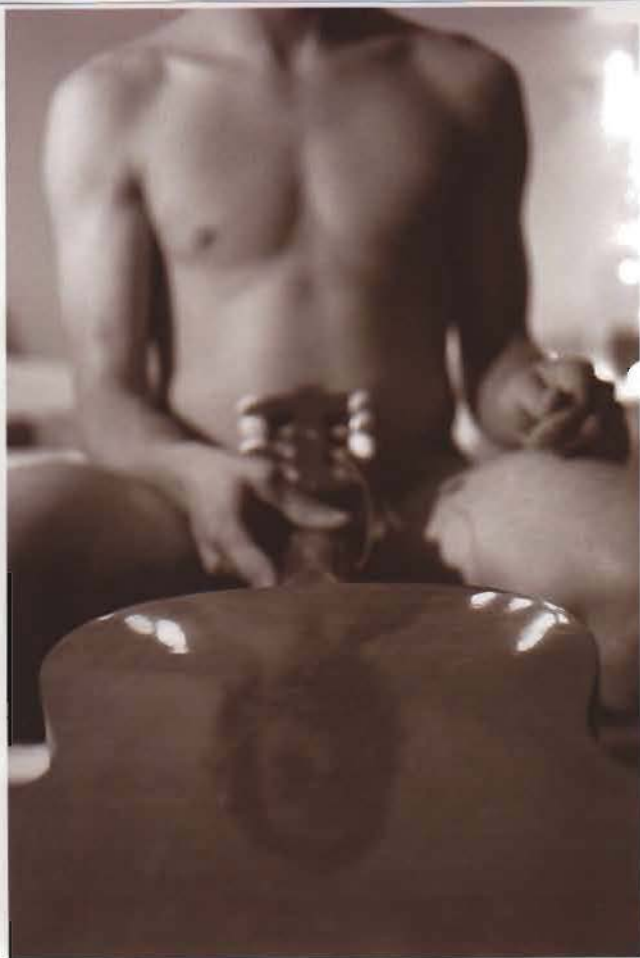
• librarians ✓

• seemingly "good girls"

(who are secretly bad) ✓

Being fed





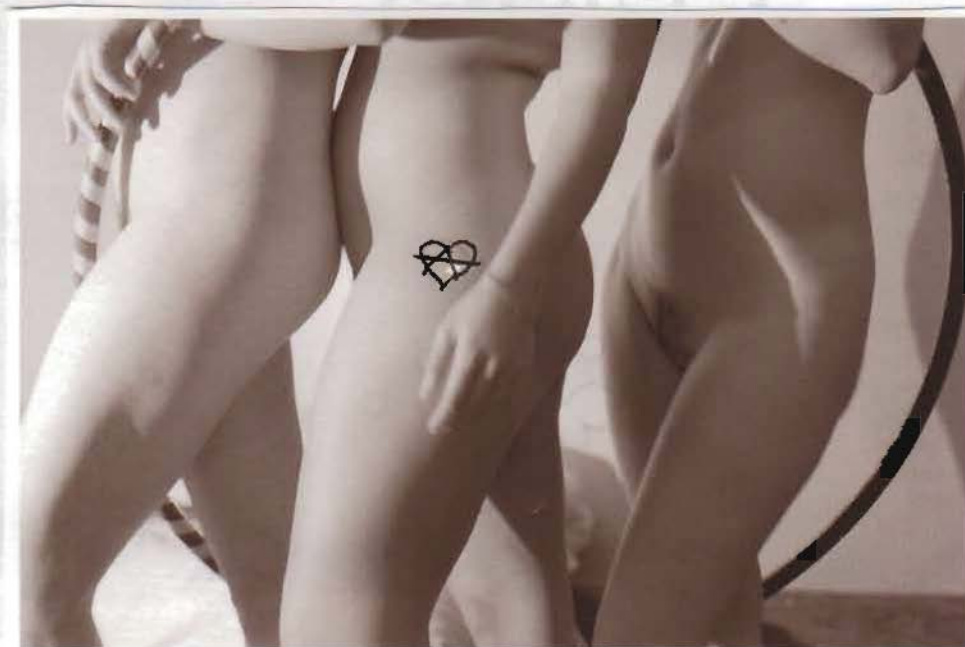
I DON'T THINK  
I'LL WEAR  
CLOTHES TODAY...  
OR TOMORROW..

THIS PEAR  
IS DEE-LISH.  
YOU LOOK  
GREAT  
NAKED!!!

THANKS,  
YOU TOO!  
I COULD REALLY  
GO FOR AN  
AVOCADO..













4th of July

4th of July, there's a neighborhood parade outside my window. Feeling patriotic myself I stayed in & read dyke erotica & dreamed of her coming home & fucking me on the space I cleared on the floor 'cause we think we broke the bed last night...





is she  
RADICAL?



I wonder why those things we deem 'radical'

are the most natural things in the world.

From letting the hair on our legs grow to full length, to  
spending hours naked exploring our very own bodies, to  
feeding these bodies food free of chemicals, to feeding  
these bodies period.



At night, when I bleed, I cradle a rag between my thighs,  
and in the morning

I look at the shapes that formed overnight -  
birthday cakes, trees in full  
bloom, sometimes symmetrical splotches  
like Rorschach inkblot tests.

I feel my uterus, from the inside and out,  
constrict, contract, expand, throb.

When I feel my body at night, in my bed,  
I sometimes squeeze my belly, or Run my hand over my hip;  
I xx caress my arm, cup my breast.

I feel WHOLE when I do this -  
real, tangible, here-on-this-planet-earth.

I feel vulnerable, human.

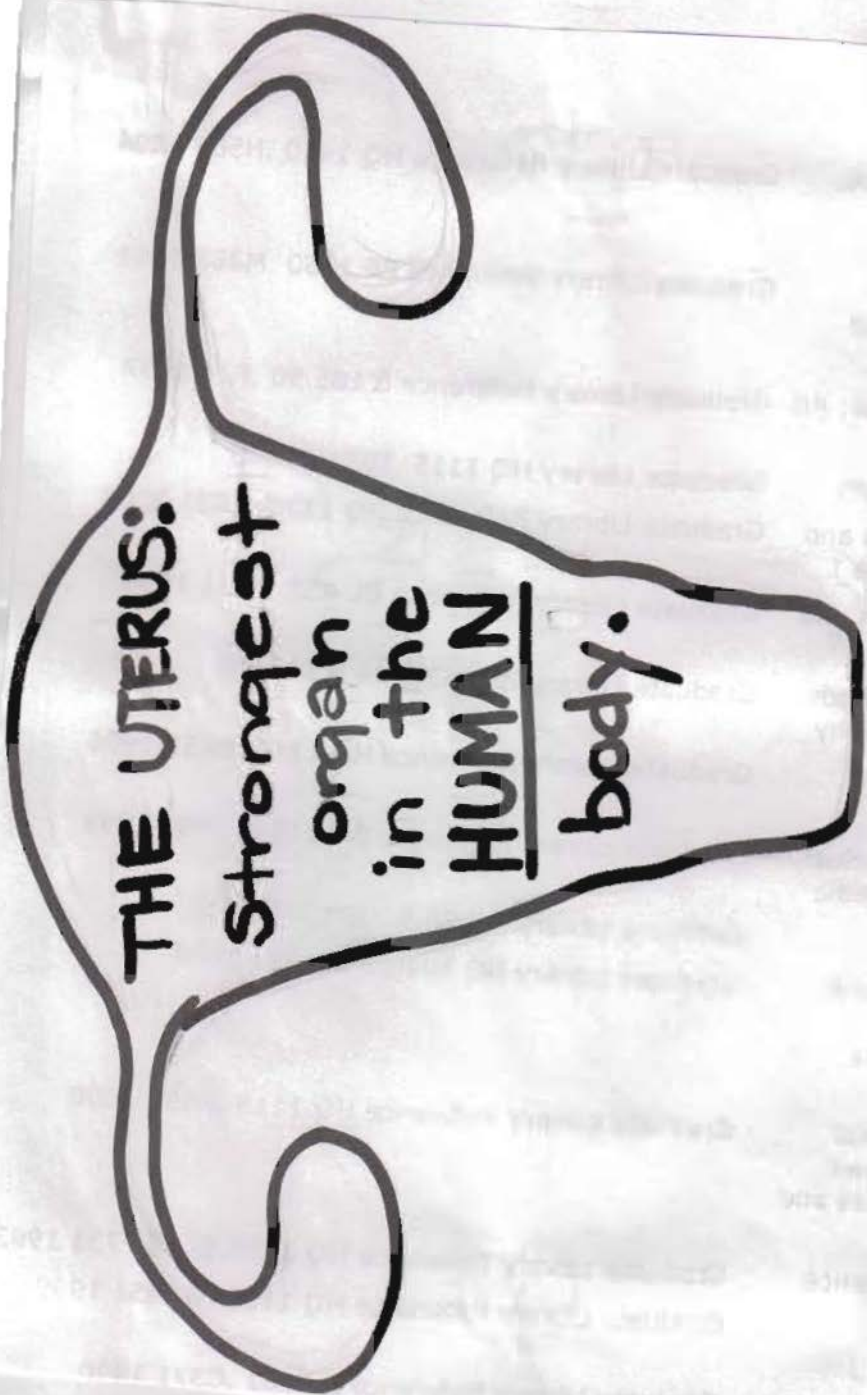
I note places of pleasure, pain upon too much pressure.

I grow to love every hair on my arms and thighs.

I explore this entire world that belongs only to me;

my carrier, my instrument, home, me.





THE UTERUS:  
Strongest  
organ  
in the  
HUMAN  
body.

Yes, relative to its size  
it's the strongest.



...RIPE...

THE CHERRY TOMATO  
ROLLS OFF MY FORK  
AND ONTO THE LEAVES  
OF OILY LETTUCE

NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES  
I TRY TO LULL IT TO ITS DEATH

IT REFUTES ME,

THE BITCH.

SO I STAB AT IT  
VIOLENTLY  
HATEFULLY

I CATCH IT  
WITH METAL-PRONGED-JAWS  
AND WATCH ITS TAUGHT,

RIPE  
SKIN

BREAK INTO A  
PULPY, INVITING GUSH

RESISTANCE STIRS GREAT DESIRE  
EVEN FOR WRONG SHAPES  
THE STRUGGLE MAKES IT SWEETER

LIKE BRUISED THIGHS,  
SOME FRUIT  
CAN ONLY BE CONSUMED  
WITH GREAT FORCE



SEXUAL VIOLENCE IS HELL.



i want to be sex positive  
but the truth is sometimes sex  
isn't so positive

you can't deny my history  
you can't deny my story  
it has shaped who i am today  
it has shaped how i fuck today  
it can't be denied that i lost my  
innocence at 5 years old to a boy  
with a knife  
and that i was fucked & pushed &  
manipulated by men & by women  
and that i starved myself for him &  
shaved myself for him & hated  
myself for him  
it has all shaped who i am today &  
really only adds fuel to my fire to  
fucking love myself now & to take  
me back for me . Self Love  
Bitches! so there .



A web of veins snakes throughout my body,  
Deep, slender rivers unraveling for miles.

They criss-cross and weave right under  
my skin, stitching a blue-green map  
across my shallow chest.

They wind from villages, to cities, to  
suburbs,

They span the centuries from exile, to  
persecution, to the prejudices of  
this decade, to the crass comment  
I heard on the street just today.

These veins hold the sweat of our mothers  
and grandmothers

Who carried us in their wombs, our first  
warm, dark homes,

Who birthed us with the shattering strength  
of their <sup>"fragile"</sup> woman-figures

And with a fierce pain that creased their  
faces and made our fathers look away.

They carry our mothers' tastes:



blackberries of the Pacific Northwest,  
Chilean white wine, irises in stained-  
glass vases.

They burst with our mothers' patience and  
pride and childhood bike wrecks;  
with their shouts of laughter, the  
textures of their familiar palms,  
their cyclical monthly blood.

With my arms outstretched to both sides,  
I have my own personal navigation system -  
I trace the rivers on my chest & find  
every place I laid my head down to sleep,  
every street corner my great-  
grandmothers left behind.

With my arms outstretched to both  
sides, I have my foremothers'  
entire history sketched onto this  
skin, curving in paths and arcs,  
Never-ending, permanent.



## **HOW PATRIARCHY GAVE ME A YEAST INFECTION**

After countless conversations with the wonderful women I spend my time with, I've come to the conclusion that Patriarchy is in large part responsible for the bout of yeast infections I endured last summer.

**Patriarchy (n):** the government, rule, or domination by men, in which men are the most powerful figures in society, thereby creating laws and practices that benefit predominantly men.

**Biomedical model (n):** a model of medicine in existence since the mid-nineteenth century. Emphasizes the use of technology, biomedicine and the authority and knowledge of the physician in treatment.

Biomedical medicine took root under patriarchy, which not only excluded women from entering the medical profession until after the twentieth century but also has prohibited women from obtaining accurate information about their own biological processes including menstruation, childbirth and menopause.

**Androcentric model (n):** Uses the male body as the norm. Anything that deviates from that norm ie: the female body, is seen as abnormal and is subsequently pathologized. The androcentric model has been adopted by the biomedical model and unintentionally has had the effect of ignoring the distinct realities of women's bodies.



When antibiotics were first introduced on a large scale in the mid-twentieth century, a.) they were not tested on women to see how women's bodies would react and b.) the delicate balance of bacteria in the vagina was not taken into consideration. The vagina is host to a whole spectrum of protective or "good" bacteria that keep it free from infection. When *antibiotics* are ingested, not only are the "bad" bacteria killed off, but the "good" bacteria too. Since the debut of mass antibiotics, the number of yeast infections experienced by women has skyrocketed.

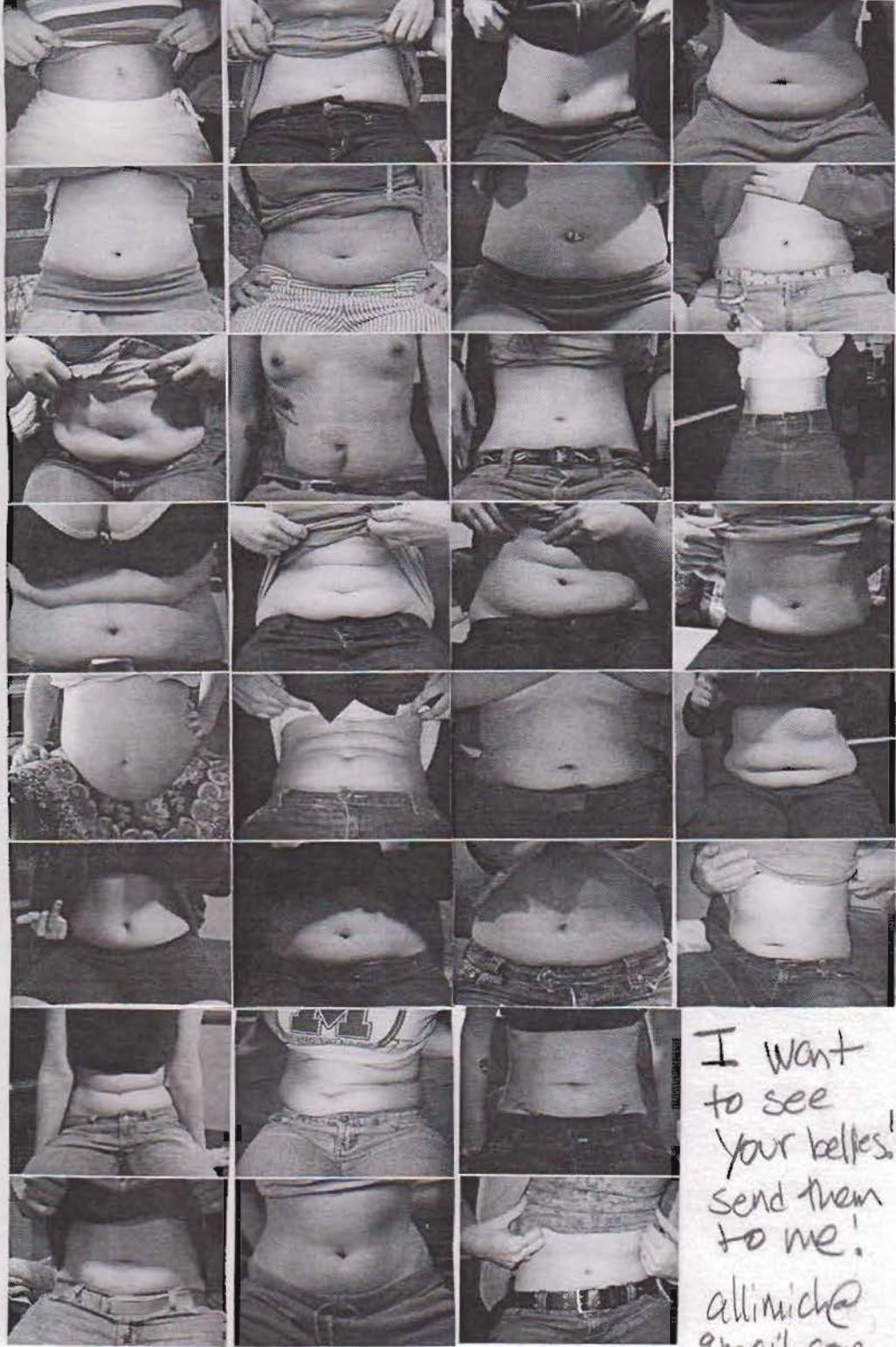
**As a child, I had a doctor (who just happened to be male) who over-prescribed antibiotics, often for conditions that were viral and did not necessitate the need for such medicine. Now, as antibiotics are known to go after all bacteria in the body which can subsequently yield to an overgrowth of yeast in the vagina, I argue that this overload of antibiotics as a child contributed to the tenacious bout of yeast infections I experienced last summer. So there.**



We're taking it  
back!!

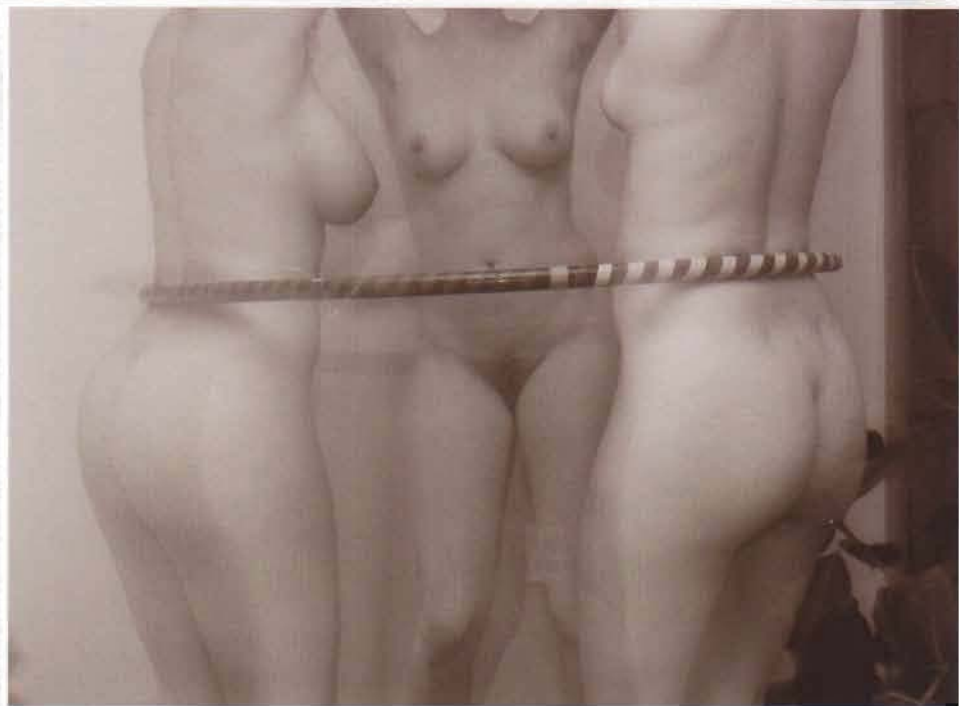
I will not be made  
to feel ugly. I refuse  
to accept a standard  
of beauty. It is  
my body, me.





I want  
to see  
your bellies!  
send them  
to me!  
allimiche@  
gmail.com







[Bios]

burning incense in a jar,

young idealism,



..... just ~~because~~

name: KALi

name in bed: oh yes, OH YES!!!

favorite feminist: bell hooks.

let it all out: never question  
the power of fairy wings.  
Resistance can be done thru  
acts of joy & love.





name: Artemis

favorite body part (specify self or other):

on me, wrists & ankles; on others, hips & hands.

medium/rare/well done.? vegetarian?

[carrots rare, eggplant well done.]

talk to me:

I'm a dreamer, I live free, and I'm  
gonna be big when I grow up, just  
wait and see.





Hot Transy MESS?

name: glover

favorite yonic veggie: orange PEPPER

favorite thing about jody foster: MENSA membership.

what.: a bit gauche  
from time to time





name: hey grr-1 hey!

Come introduce yourself

top or bottom (or both): Bottom!!

favorite color?: depends, pink, red, grey (does that count?)

tell me something:

I hate Manners

I have no tact

I Am A Bitch

I am a beautiful cunt





name:

"ZZ" →

favorite word:

Moist, Abundant  
"imprescindible"

comments/questions: "yerba buena",

I also enjoy medicinal herbs/remedies because a.) they're most often cheaper than regular medicines b.) they often work better with less side effects and c.) you can grow them yourself and that's always fun. And that's what I have to say about that.



# ♡ Reading List ☸

Cunt, Inga Muscio

Days of War Nights of Love, Crimethinc  
bell hooks in general

The Death Ship, B. Traven

Zines - Microcosm Publishing

Rules for Radicals - Saul Alinsky

AK PRESS

SCUM MANIFESTO - Valerie Solanas

gender outlaw - Kate Bernstein

POST-GENDER manifesto

- mak & prushinskaya

Women's Bodies, Women's Wisdom

- Christianne Northrup

OUR BODIES OURSELVES! ...duh

The Fire This Time ed Vivien Labaton

Valencia - Michelle Tea & Dawn Landy  
Martin &

Daring to be Bad - Alice Echols

Animal, Vegetable, Miracle - Barbara Kingsolver

Women's Bodies, Women's Wisdom - Christine Northrup  
(read it twice!)

Banker to the Poor - Muhammed Yunus

FUN HOME - Alison Bechdel



Thank you to the participants of the  
naked party & to the ICC & the RC  
for your generous funding. A shoutout to  
microcosm publishing for distributing the  
zines that inspired us & to ~~connected~~  
the philosophy & radical literature of  
crime thinc. We also want to thank  
all of you lovely people for reading  
this.



NAKED RIOT





BODY POSITIVE CONTINUED PLZ!  
... i want +  
xxxxxx

... i want  
.....

media xxx people of my gender identity portrayed positively in the media.

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